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THE

CRACKER;

OR,

Flaſhes of Merriment:

A

COLLECTION

OF

HUMOUROUS FIRE-WORKS

Never play'd-off before.

By JEREMY SQUIB,
ENGINEER.

That were a JEST *indeed.*
Every Man in his Humour.

LONDON:
Printed for J. WILLIAMS, next the *Mitre Tavern, Fleet-ſtreet.*
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PREFACE.

A *Serious introduction to a* BOOK *of* JESTS *would be the greateſt jeſt in nature; and the editor of the following ſheets had too juſt an opinion of the duty he owes his readers to palm an abſurdity upon them: Be it known therefore to all whom it may concern, that the great buſineſs of life is to* laugh, *that the merrieſt mortal is the happieſt, and that he who never laughs is the greateſt humdrum in the univerſe; for my part is to ſee nothing in this world that is not calculated to provoke laughter.——To begin with our ſuperiors, as good manners requires, — who would not laugh, to ſee a ſet of Right Reverend drones, whoſe buſineſs it is to preach up humility, chaſtity, and temperance, puffed up with pride, and indulging their carnal appetites, to the evident diſgrace of themſelves and their profeſſion?—Who would not laugh, to ſee an officer in the army take a patient kick, or a pull of the noſe, from a dirty mechanic? — Who would not laugh to ſee*

a Right Worſhipful Alderman get drunk with a fidler? — Who could help laughing, to ſee a venerable juſtice of the peace in the arms of a proſtitute over night, and to hear the ſame man ſentence a poor fellow to Bridewell for getting a baſtard, the next morning. —— In a word, who could refrain from laughing at the ſincerity of a courtier, the religion of a biſhop, the moderation of an uſurer, the chaſtity of a fine lady, the wit of a common-council man, the honeſty of a ſhop-keeper, the riches of a poet, or the Chriſtianity of an Ordinary of Newgate? —— Since laughing, then, is at once the buſineſs and the diverſion of life, let us, my friends, join the laugh, and keep it up as loud and as long as the beſt of them. —— And if the following pages do not help to drive on the joke, I am confoundedly miſtaken. —— Farewel, my merry boys, remember the old proverb

LAUGH AND BE FAT.

THE

THE

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OR

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WHEN the Beggar's Opera was brought out at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields play-houſe, it was to be conducted in the taſte of the Italian ones in the Hay-market, where there is no muſic played before the overture. The audience not being acquainted with, or, on an *Engliſh* theatre, not approving this circumſtance, expreſſed great diſapprobation at their having neither firſt nor ſecond muſic. The clamour at length grew ſo powerful, that Jack Hall, the celebrated comedian, was deputed to apologize for the omiſſion, by informing the ſpectators, that at an opera, it was a rule to have no muſic prior to the overture. Jack made his obeyſances with a tolerable grace; but being confounded at

the general ſilence, which, in order to hear him, had ſo ſuddenly enſued an univerſal uproar, blundered out, '*Ladies and gentlemen — we — 'we — beg you'll not call out for firſt and ſecond 'muſic — becauſe — becauſe you know there is* NEVER ANY MUSIC AT ALL *at an* OPERA.' ——This however had a much better effect than a more elegant ſpeech might have poſſibly produced —— The audience laughed heartily at the paddyiſm; poor Hall by awkwardly retiring, — ſcraping, confuſed, and aſhamed, — added not a little to their mirth; another performer explained to them Jack's meaning; and the whole went off with the moſt uncommon applauſe.

Mr. Quin, whoſe *delicacy* is particularly remarkable, was, in the management of Mr. Fleetwood, to make an apology for madamoiſelle Roland's not being able to perform a favourite dance, on account of her having ſprained her ancle. The audience were ſo greatly out of temper at her not appearing, that it required even the conſequence of ſo capital an actor to gain their attention. Quin, not much liking the woman, and conſequently the office, without any ceremony, bluntly addreſſed the ſpectators with, '*Ladies and gentlemen, Madam — a — a '— Roland has put her ancle out —— I wiſh ſhe 'had put her neck out, and be damned to her.*' —— Exit with a hem!

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The low comedians formerly took great liberty on the ſtage, by ſaying whatever came uppermoſt, to promote a laugh; and the audience, at that time of day, were depraved enough not only to ſuffer, but be pleaſed with it. In the recruiting-officer, one night, at Drury-lane theatre, Mr. Wilkes was performing the character of Plume, and Penkethman and Norris, the parts of the two recruits. In the play, the captain enquires of one of them, '*What is your name friend?*' When Wilkes had aſked this queſtion, Penkethman anſwered with a grin, '*My name, Bobby—don't you know my name?—why every body here* (turning to the audience) *every body here knows my name—why my name is Billy Penkethman, Bobby.*'——Wilkes, highly chagrined at the interruption—the whole houſe in a roar—pettiſhly replied,——'*Pſha, puppy, I want your* preſent *name, your* acting *name.*——*O my actors name, Bobby*, returned the other—'*O that's Coſter Pearmain—no--no-- that's Dicky Norris's name——my name, bobby, is Thomas Appletree*'.

Not to be ſenſibly fluſtered at any little interruption he may meet with, whilſt on the ſtage, is perhaps a no very unneceſſary qualification in a player.

An occurrence of this nature once happened to Mr. Quin, which might otherwiſe have deprived the audience of a material ſhare of their enter-

entertainment, in a moſt principal ſcene. It ſeems, one evening, in a riot at the ſtage door, Quin wounded a young fellow, who had drawn upon him, ſlightly in the hand. The ſpark, preſently after, came into one of the green boxes, over the ſtage door. The play was Macbeth; and in the fine ſoliloquy, where he ſees the imaginary dagger, as Quin repeated '*and on* '*thy blade are drops of reeking blood*,' the young fellow bawls out, — '*Ay---reeking indeed! what* '*does your conſcience prick you?-- you raſcal, that's* 'my *blood you drew juſt now.*' The actor, giving him a ſevere ſide glance, replied, juſt loud enough to be heard by him, '*Damn your blood, I* '*ſay*,' and then, without the leaſt heſitation, went on with the ſpeech, ſo that the major part of the audience ſcarce noticed the interruption.

Some few years ſince, it was the cuſtom of the actors, when they gave out a play (particularly an hiſtorical one) to interlard it with a Bartholomew trumpery, containing the tragical end of ſuch an one, the memorable battle of ſuch a place, and ſo on.

Tom Walker, the original and jovial Macheath, once gave out a play, in which he exhibited as happy a talent for blundering as his friend Jack Hall. It was upon a Saturday night; the play Henry the eighth, for the benefit of Mrs. Bicknell.——After making his bow, he began

began, '*Ladies and gentlemen*, TO-MORROW'—A gentleman from the pit replied 'TO-MORROW 'is SUNDAY, *Sir*.'——This confounded poor Walker exceedingly; however, recalling, as much as poſſible, his ſcattered ſpirits, and making a ſecond bow, he very ſententiouſly told the audience, '*On Monday night next will be per-* 'formed the hiſtorical play of King Henry the Eighth, 'containing the divorce of ANNA BULLEN, the 'marriage of QUEEN CATHERINE, and the death 'of MRS. BICKNELL, for the benefit of CARDI-'NAL WOLSEY.'

As a young blood and Mr. Quin were taking an airing on horſeback, they came to a pound, when he pulled a ſhilling out of his pocket and threw it in the pound; *there*, *Quin*, ſays he, *that's one pound one*; *no*, replied Quin, *that's as you'll pay your creditors*, *one ſhilling in the pound*.

Sir Thomas Fairfax relates of a ſoldier in Ireland, who having got his paſſport to go for England, as he went through a wood with his knapſack upon his back, being weary, he ſat down under a tree, and opened his budget, and was going to eat ſome victuals he had there; but on a ſudden he was ſurpriſed by two or three wolves, who coming towards him, he threw them ſcraps of bread and cheeſe, till all was gone; then the wolves making a nearer approach unto him, he knew not what ſhift to

make

make, but by taking a pair of bag-pipes which he had, and as ſoon as he began to play to them, the wolves ran away as if they had been ſcared out of their wits; whereupon the ſoldier ſaid, *A pox take you all, if I had known you loved muſic ſo well, you ſhould have had it before dinner.*

Some gentlemen going into a bawdy-houſe tavern at Charing-Croſs, found great fault with the wine, and ſending for the maſter of the houſe, told him, it was ſad ſtuff and very weak. *It may be ſo,* ſaid he, *for my trade don't depend upon the ſtrength of my wine, but on that of my tables and chairs.*

A dog coming open mouth'd at a ſerjeant upon a march, he ran the ſpear of his halbert into his throat, and killed him. The owner coming out, raved extremely that his dog was killed, and aſked the ſerjeant, *Why he could not as well have ſtruck at him with the blunt end of his halbert? So I would,* ſaid he, *if he had run at me with his tail.*

A gentleman having beſpoke a ſupper at an inn, deſired his landlord to ſup with him. The hoſt came up, and thinking to pay a greater compliment than ordinary to his gueſt, pretended to find fault with the cloth, and took the plates and knives, and threw them down ſtairs. The gentleman reſolving not to baulk his humour, threw the bottles and glaſſes down alſo; at which the hoſt being ſurpriſed, enquired the reaſon of his

ſo

ſo doing. *Nay, nothing*, replied the gentleman, *but that I thought you had a mind to ſup below.*

A gentleman who had been a great traveller, would oftentimes talk ſo extravagantly of the wonderful things he had ſeen abroad, that a friend of his took notice to him of his expoſing himſelf as he did to all companies, and aſked him the meaning of it? Why, ſays the traveller, I have got ſuch a habit of lying ſince I have been abroad, that I really hardly know when I lye, and when I ſpeak truth; and ſhould be very much obliged to you, if you would tread upon my toe at any time, when I am likely to give myſelf too much liberty that way. His friend promiſed he would; and accordingly, not long after, being at a tavern with him and other company, he gave an account of a church he had ſeen in Italy, that was above two miles long; his friend trod on his toe, juſt as one of the company aſked, how broad that ſame church might be? Oh, ſaid he, not above two feet. Upon which the company burſting into a loud laugh, *Zounds*, ſaid he, *if you had not trod on my toe, I ſhould have made it as broad as it was long.*

A rich farmer's ſon, who had been bred at the univerſity, coming home to viſit his father and mother, they being one night at ſupper on a couple of fowls, he told them, that by logic and arithmetic, he could prove thoſe fowls to be three.

three. Well, let us hear, ſaid the old man. Why this, ſaid the ſcholar, is one, and this, continued he, is two; two and one you know make three. *Since you have made it out ſo well*, anſwered the old man, *your mother ſhall have the firſt fowl, I will have the ſecond, and the third you may keep to yourſelf for your great learning.*

Three gentlemen being at a tavern, whoſe names were, *Moore*, *Strange*, and *Wright*: Said the laſt, there is but one cuckold in company, and that is *Strange!* Yes, anſwered *Strange*, there is one *Moore*: Ay, ſaid *Moore*, that's *Wright*.

Dr. Sewel, and two or three more gentlemen, walking towards Hamſtead, on a ſummer's day, were met by the famous Daniel Purcell, the punſter, who was very importunate with them to know upon what account they were going thither. The doctor merrily anſwered him, *To make hay*. Very well, replied the other, you'll be there at a very convenient ſeaſon, the country wants *rakes*.

Sir William Davenant, the poet, who had no noſe, going along the Meuſe one day, a beggar-woman followed him, crying, Ah! God preſerve your *eye-ſight*, Sir, the Lord preſerve your *eye-ſight*. Why, good woman, ſaid he, do'ſt thou pray ſo much for my *eye-ſight?* Ah! dear Sir, anſwered the woman, if you ſhould grow dim-

dim-ſighted, you have no place to hang your ſpectacles on.

A hackney-coachman, who was juſt ſet up, had heard that the lawyers uſed to club their three-pence apiece, four of them, to go to Weſtminſter, and being called by a lawyer at Temple-Bar, who, with two others in their gowns, got into his coach, he was bid to drive to Weſtminſter-hall; but the coachman ſtill holding his door open, as if he waited for more company, one of the gentlemen aſked him, why he did not ſhut the door, and go on? the fellow, ſcrathing his head, cried, *You know, maſter, my fare is a ſhilling, I can't go for nine-pence.*

A certain poet and player, remarkable for his impudence and cowardice, happening many years ago to have a quarrel with Mr. Powel, another player, received from him a box on the ear; a few days after, the poetical player having loſt his ſnuff-box, was making ſtrict enquiry if any body had ſeen his box. *What*, ſays another of the theatrical punſters, *That which George Powel gave you the other night.*

Sir Thomas More, when Lord Chancellor, being preſſed by the council of the party, for a *longer* day to perform a decree, ſaid, *Take St. Barnaby's day, the longeſt in the year*; which happened to be the next week.

This famous chancellor, who preſerved his

humour and wit to the laſt moment, when he came to be beheaded on Tower-hill, the executioner demanded his *upper garment* as his fee; *Ah! friend*, ſaid he, taking off his cap, *that, I think, is my upper garment.*

When Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York Buildings, which he intended for public orations, and being pretty much behind-hand with his workmen, coming one day among them, to ſee how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the *roſtrum*, and make a ſpeech, that he might obſerve how it could be heard: the fellow mounting, and ſcratching his pate, told him, he knew not what to ſay, for in truth he was no orator. Oh! ſaid the knight, no matter for that, ſpeak any thing that comes uppermoſt. *Why then, Sir Richard*, ſays the fellow, *we have been working for you theſe ſix weeks, and cannot get one penny of money: Pray, Sir, when do you deſign to pay us? Very well, very well, ſaid Sir Richard, pray come down, I have heard enough, I cannot but own you ſpeak very diſtinctly, though I don't admire your ſubject.*

A country clergyman, meeting a neighbour who never came to church, although an old fellow of above ſixty, he gave him ſome reproof on that account, and aſked him if he never read at home? No, replied the clown, I can't. I dare

ſay,

ſay, ſaid the parſon, you don't know who made you? Not I, in troth, cry'd the countryman. A little boy coming by at the ſame time, was aſked the queſtion by the parſon; to which he aptly replied. Why look you there, quoth the clergyman, are not you aſhamed to hear a child of five or ſix years old tell me who made him, when you, that are ſo old a man, cannot? *Ah!* ſaid the countryman, *it is no wonder that he ſhould remember; he was made but t'other day, 'tis a great while meaſter, ſin I was made.*

A certain ſenator, who was not, it may be ſuppoſed, the wiſeſt man in the houſe, had a frequent cuſtom of ſhaking his head when another ſpoke; which giving offence to a particular perſon, he complained of the indignity ſhewn him: but one who had been acquainted with the firſt gentleman from a child, as he told the houſe, aſſured them, That it was only an ill habit that he had got, *for though he would ſhake his head, there was* nothing *in it.*

A young gentleman, of a very good family, who had only a pair of colours in the Guards, had been for ſome time in vain ſolliciting for a company; till happening to be on a viſit, where her late Grace of Marl—— had met with an indelible diſgrace, by accidentally breaking wind backwards, if that bold ſon of Mars had not with great gallantry, taken the ſhame upon him-

ſelf, and aſked a thouſand pardons for the pretended offence he had committed, which quite freed her from the leaſt ſuſpicion of it: her Grace was ſo charmed at the preſence of mind, and polite manner in which the young enſign had brought her off, that ſhe never let my Lord Duke reſt, till he had given him the company he wanted; and upon delivering his commiſſion to him, *You find, Colonel,* ſaid ſhe, *it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.*

An Engliſh gentleman asked Sir Richard Steel, who was an Iriſhman, what was the reaſon that his countrymen were ſo remarkable for blundering, *Faith,* ſaid the knight, *I believe there is ſomething in the air of Ireland; and I dare ſay, if an* Engliſhman *was born there, he would do the ſame.*

My Lord Chief Juſtice Holt had ſent, by his warrant, one of the French prophets, a fooliſh ſect that ſtarted up in his time, to priſon; upon which Mr. Lacy, one of their followers, came one day to my Lord's houſe, and deſired to ſpeak with him; the ſervants told him, their Lord was not well, and ſaw no company that day: but tell him, ſaid Lacy, I muſt ſee him, for I come from the Lord; which being told the Chief Juſtice, he ordered him to come in, and asked him his buſineſs: I come, ſaid he, from the Lord, who hath ſent me to thee, and would

have

have thee to grant a *noli proſequi* for John Atkins who is his ſervant, and whom thou haſt caſt into priſon. *Thou art a falſe prophet*, anſwered my Lord, *and a lying knave; for if the Lord had ſen thee, it would have been to the Attorney General; for he knows it is not in my power to grant a* noli proſequi.

Queen Elizabeth ſeeing a gentleman in her garden, who had not felt the effects of her favours ſo ſoon as he expected, looking out of her window, ſaid to him in Italian, What does a man think of, Sir Edward, when he thinks of nothing? After a little pauſe, he anſwered, He thinks, madam, of a woman's promiſe. The Queen ſhrunk in her head, but was heard to ſay, *Well, Sir Edward, I muſt not confute you: anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor.*

A gentleman in King Charles the Second's time, who had paid a tedious attendance at court for a place, and had a thouſand promiſes, at length reſolved to ſee the King himſelf; ſo getting introduced, he told his Majeſty what pretenſions he had to his favour, and boldly asked him for the place juſt then vacant. The King hearing his ſtory, told him he had juſt given the place away. Upon which the gentleman made a very low obeiſance, and thanked him extremely; which he repeated often. The King obſerving how over-thankful he was, called

him again, and asked the reaſon, why he gave him ſuch extraordinary thanks, when he had denied his ſuit. The rather, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, replied the gentleman; your courtiers have kept me waiting here theſe two years, and gave me a thouſand put-offs; but your Majeſty has ſaved me all that trouble, and generouſly given me my anſwer at once. *Well, Man,* ſays the King, *thou ſhalt have the place for thy downright honeſty.*

A certain prieſt in a rich abbey of Florence, being a fiſherman's ſon, cauſed a net to be ſpread every day on a table in his apartment, to put him in mind of his original: the abbot dying, this diſſembled humility procured him to be choſen abbot: after which, the net was uſed no more. Being asked the reaſon, he anſwered, *there is no occaſion for the net when the fiſh was caught.*

A *French* marquis, being one day at dinner at the late *Roger Williams*'s, the famous punſter and publican, was boaſting of the happy genius of this nation, in projecting all the fine modes and faſhions, particularly the *ruffle*, which, he ſaid, *Was de fine ornament to de hand, and had been followed by all de oder nations. Roger* allowed what he ſaid, but obſerved at the ſame time, *That the Engliſh, according to cuſtom, had made a great improvement upon their invention, by adding the ſhirt to it.*

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An ingenious young gentleman, at the univerſity of Oxford, being appointed to preach before the vice chancellor, and the heads of the colleges, at St. Mary's, and having formerly obſerved the drowſineſs of the vice chancellor, took this place of ſcripture for his text. *What! cannot ye watch one hour?* At every deviſion he concluded with his text; which by reaſon of the vice-chancellor ſitting ſo near the pulpit, often awaked him: this was ſo noted among the wits, that it was the talk of the whole univerſity, and withal ſo nettled the vice-chancellor that he complained to the archbiſhop of Canterbury, who, willing to redreſs him, ſent for this ſcholar up to London, to defend himſelf againſt the crime laid to his charge; where coming, he gave ſo many proofs of his extraordinary wit, that the archbiſhop enjoined him to preach before king James. After ſome excuſes, he at length acquieſced; and coming into the pulpit, begins, *James the firſt, and* the *ſixth, waver not;* meaning the firſt king of England, and the ſixth of Scotland; at firſt the king was ſomewhat amazed at the text, but in the end was ſo well pleaſed with his ſermon, that he made him one of his chaplains in ordinary: after this advancement, the archbiſhop ſent him down to Oxford to make his recantation to the vice-chancellor, and to take leave of the univerſity, which he accordingly did, and took the

the latter part of the verſe of the former text, *Sleep on now and take your reſt:* concluding his ſermon, he made his apology to the vice-chancellor, ſaying, *Whereas I ſaid before,* which gave offence, *What! cannot ye watch one hour?* I ſay now, *Sleep on and take your reſt;* and ſo left the univerſity.

Dr. Cheney coming into a coffee-houſe one morning, and obſerving Dr. Tadlow alone and penſive, aſked him what had occaſioned his melancholy? Cheney, ſays he, I have a ſerious thought come athwart me, I am conſidering how the people will be able to get you and I to the grave when we die, (for they were both remarkably corpulent) *Why,* ſays Cheney, *ſix or eight ſtout fellow may take me there at once; but it is certain that you muſt be carriad at twice.*

It was upon the above Dr. Tadlow, that the following witty epigram was written:

When Tadlow walks the ſtreets the paviors cry,
God bleſs you, Sir! — and lay their rammers *by.*

When drams were more in vogue than they are at preſent, a gentleman called for a glaſs of brandy at the Smyrna, becauſe he ſaid, he was very hot. Bring me one, waiter, ſays another, for I am very cold. *It is a ſtrange thing,* ſays a third, *that people can't find an excuſe for their follies, without inſulting the good ſenſe of the company. Here bring me a dram, boy, for I like it.*

A captaian of a man of war had got a circle round him in one of the rooms at Bath, whom he was entertaining with ſome wonderful phænomenon which he had ſeen at ſea; when, looking round, and perceiving a gentleman laugh, he grew angry, and ſaid, he did not believe him. *Why, Sir,* ſays the gentleman, *did you ſee it?* Yes, I did, anſwered he. *Well, if you ſaw it,* ſaid the gentleman, *I will believe it; but I would not if I had ſeen it myſelf.*

The captain, however, ſoon after returned the compliment; for the gentleman was one of thoſe who ſhot with a long bow, or, in other words, paid but little regard to truth, in his ſallies of wit and humour; and having told a moſt confounded ſtory, the captain gave a hem; upon which the other made up to him; *And ſo, captain,* ſays he, *you won't believe this? —Why, yes,* ſays the captain, *I will, to oblige you; but I would not believe ſuch another damn'd lye for any man upon the face of the earth.*

Beau Naſh, on a journey, dining at an inn, the landlord charged him four ſhillings for a fowl; upon which he ſent for the hoſt, and asked him what he meant by impoſing on him in that manner; when the landlord, who was a ſurly purſe-proud fellow, told him, That if he had looked any thing like a gentleman, he would have charged him a crown for the fowl: Upon which

Naſh

Naſh replied, *Well, well, if that is the caſe, I wiſh, landlord, you had treated me ſomething leſs like a gentleman.*

A gay extravagant young gentleman was railing againſt his father in the preſence of many people, on account of his keeping too tight a hand over him (as he expreſſed it:) upon which one of the company told him, That the only way to rid himſelf of the reſtraint, was to prevail with his father to make him his coachman. What do you mean by that? repli ed the young ſpark: *Becauſe then,* ſaid he, *you will have the whip hand of the old gentleman.*

A gentleman being one day at a public entertainment, where one of the company ſat ſeveral hours without ſpeaking a ſyllable; and, as from the character of the perſon, there was great reaſon to ſuſpect that his ſilence was owing to a ſupercilious contempt of the company, he determined to ſhew his reſentment the firſt opportunity that offered. Accordingly, when ſupper was brought in, the gentleman was remarkably aſſiduous in helping the ſilent man to the beſt upon the table, and taking care to ſupply his plate when he ſaw it near empty. Upon this one of the company deſired to know his reaſon for this extraordinary attention to the ſilent perſon. To which he replied, *I aſſure you it is from the tenderneſs of my diſpoſition, for I cannot bear to ſee*

dumb

dumb creatures *want*. This ſmart hit occaſioned an univerſal laugh, and put the gentleman into ſome confuſion; however, he carried it off very well, and was good company the reſt of the night.

A ſailor, juſt arrived at Portſmouth, ſaw a ſhoe-maker's ſign with theſe words at the bottom, "Adam Strong, Shoe-maker." —— Jack Tar, not being very expert at reading, was obliged to ſpell it, which he did in the following manner; A, D, A, M, a dam'd; S, T, R, O, N, G, a dam'd ſtrong; S, H, O, E, a dam'd ſtrong ſhoe; M, A, K, E, R, *a dam'd ſtrong ſhoe-maker*. Having thus made out the inſcription upon the ſign, he went into the ſhoe-maker's ſhop, and told the maſter of it, that as he was *a dam'd ſtrong ſhoe-maker*, he was come to beſpeak a pair; but inſiſted upon it, that they muſt be *dam'd ſtrong*, or he'd not pay a farthing for 'em.

One ſeeing the King's rat-catcher, ask'd what his office was? — Another told him, 'twas to kill the vermin about the court, for which he had a ſalary of 50 l. a year. *Fifty!* anſwered he,—— Z——*ns, he deſerves* 50,000 *to kill all the vermin there.*

Two men quarrelling together, one named Summer, t'other Froſt; diſputes ariſing to a great height, they fell to blows; when a ſtander-by asked which he thought would get the better; ah,

ah, Lord, ſaid he, what muſt be, muſt be, *Summer's no ſhare, Froſt bites ſo confoundedly.*

A judge upon the bench asked an old man what age he was? I am eight and four-ſcore, my Lord, ſays he; and why not fourſcore and eight, ſays the judge; becauſe, ſays he, I was *eight* before I was *fourſcore.*

A woman of the town, being carried before juſtice ———, was going to be committed to Bridewell; but ſtepping up to him, whiſpered in his ear, Your worſhip was kinder to me at the Devil tavern the other night. Hum, ſays he, *was that your father; for his ſake I'll forgive you this time; but pray take care for the future.* And ſo diſmiſſed her.

Two bonny Scots, having juſt got a place at St. James's, and being in bed together, the one in his ſleep baul'd out terribly, which the other hearing, deſired to know what was the matter; Matter, quoth he, *Mon, I've dreamed a very ugly dream. Prithee, lod, didſt dream of the deel?* ſays Wally, *Na, 'twas worſe than the deel and hell to boot,* ſays Sawny, *for I dream'd I was tranſported into my own country, never more to ſee aud England again. Ah mon,* ſays Wally, *that was very terrible indeed.*

An Iriſhman going by a barber's ſhop, fell down, and hurt his knee; and cried out loud, *O hone! O hone!* The barber hearing it, runs

out

out, and cried, *'Tis my hoan, where is it?* thinking Paddy had found a hoan.

A countryman going to a wake, the farmer's daughter wanted to go with him, but was terribly afraid of loſing her maidenhead. John told her, he would give it a tuck up for her; and on that condition ſhe ventured. They had not gone above a mile, but Sall cry'd, John, I muſt have a tuck up, for it begins to be looſe. John laid her down under a hedge, and gave her a tuck up: but they had not gone above half a mile more, but Sall cries, John, I muſt have t'other tuck up, which accordingly John did. When they came to the wake, they joined company in country dancing; and when that was over, ſhe whiſpered John, that ſhe muſt have t'other tuck up. Zounds, cry'd John, I have no more thread left; Dear me! ſaid ſhe, *what's become of them two large balls you had when you gave me the other tuck up?*

A ſailor falling out of the main top of a man of war, by great good luck fell plump on his breech unhurt; and looking about him, ſeemingly as unconcerned, as if nothing had happened, cry'd, *D——n my eyes what a move that was!*

A countryman juſt come to London, going into Hyde Park to ſee the cannon which was taken from Cherberg (in France) ſaid, I wonder how they can bore the guns in this manner.

One of the artillery men told him, they did not bore them but caſt them in clay. *No, no,* ſays the countryman, *I am not ſuch a fool neither, to believe they can make braſs guns of clay.*

An Iriſhman coming into a woollen draper's ſhop, accoſts him in the following manner; Arrah honey will you be ſo ſhivel to let a body look at ſome Engliſh velvet made of Iriſh wool, becaſe as why, I loves to encourage the malefactors of my own country. To this polite addreſs the woollen draper, with as grave a countenance as he could draw up, made anſwer, that he had no Engliſh velvet, but he could ſhew him ſome very choice Genoa. Ub bub boo, fait and do ſo dear joy, cries Teague, by my ſalvation *I have often heard of March beer brewed in October, but devil take myſelf if ever I heard of January velvet before.*

It is maxim, ſays one. —— That he's a fool who marries; but he's a greater who does not marry a fool. For what is woman's wit good for, adds he, but to help her to make her huſband a cuckold? Yes, replied another, —— *To keep it from his knowledge.*

A farmer who had a very great name in the country for his dexterity in manly exerciſes, ſuch as wreſtling, throwing the bar, and the like, drew upon him many occaſions to try his ſkill, with ſuch as came far and near to challenge him: among the reſt, a conceited fellow rode a great

way

way to viſit this champion, and being told he was in his ground behind the houſe, he alighted, and walked with his horſe in his hand, till he came where he found him at work: ſo hanging his horſe upon the pails, he accoſted him thus: that having heard much of his fame, he was come forty miles to try a fall with him. The champion, without more words, came up to him, and cloſing with him, took him upon ſuch an advantageous lock, that he pitched him over the pails; ſo with a great deal of unconcern, he took up his ſpade, and fell to work again. The fellow getting upon his legs as nimble as he could, called to ſpeak to him. Well, ſays the champion, have you any more to ſay to me? *No, no*, replied the fellow, *only to deſire you would be ſo kind as to throw my horſe after me.*

A perſon deſcribing a ſnuff-box he had ſeen, which was an *Egyptian pebble ſet in pinchbeck*, ſaid it was *a gipſy's nipple ſet in pinchgut.*

An arch boy being at a table where there was a piping hot apple-pye, putting a bit into his mouth, burnt it ſo that the tears ran down his cheeks. A gentleman that ſat by aſked him, Why he wept? Only, ſaid he, becauſe it is juſt come into my remembrance, that my poor grandmother died this day twelvemonth. Phoo, ſaid the other, is that all? So whipping a large piece into his mouth, he quickly ſymphathized with

the boy; who ſeeing his eyes brimfull, with a malicious ſneer, aſked him, Why he wept? *A pox on you*, ſaid he, *becauſe you were not hanged you young dog, the ſame day your grandmother died.*

The late duke of Wharton going thro' Holborn, in a hackney coach with Phil. F—, ſaw a fellow drumming at the door of a puppet-ſhew; Now this is a pretty employment Phil. ſaid the duke; if you were reduced ſo low, that you were obliged to be either a highwayman, or drummer to a puppet ſhew, which would you chuſe? Faith, my lord, anſwered Phil. I would be the highwayman rather than the other. *Ay*, replied the duke, *that confirms the opinion I had always of you, that you have more* pride *than* honeſty.

A young gentleman playing at queſtions and commands with ſome very pretty young ladies, was commanded to take off a garter from one of them? but ſhe, as ſoon as he had laid hold of her petticoats ran away into the next room, where was a bed: Now, Madam, ſaid he, tripping up her heels, *I* bar *ſqueaking*. Bar *the door, you fool*, cried ſhe.

A coxcomb, who was by no means an Adonis in his perſon, was remarkable for looking at his face in a glaſs wherever he met one, which was mentioned by a perſon as an inſtance of his conceit; but another ſaid he thought it was rather a

mark

mark of his courage; for it ſhewed he was not eaſily *frightned*.

A certain lord, remarkable for his abſence of mind, was handing a lady to her coach, but having a very preſſing occaſion the minute he got into the air, he turned about to the wall to make water, ſtill holding the lady faſt by the hand, who made ſeveral fruitleſs attempts to get to her vehicle, the door of which a ſervant held open all the while; at laſt his lordſhip having done, he buttoned up very cooly, and ſaid, *Now, madam, I am ready to attend you.*

A lady told the earl of C——d at Bath, that the world gave it out ſhe came down there to lie-in, and was brought to bed of twins. Oh! madam, anſwered my lord, I never believe above *half* what the *world ſays*.

A countryman ſowing his ground, two ſmart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an inſolent air: Well, honeſt fellow, ſaid he, it is your buſineſs to ſow, but we reap the fruits of your labour. To which the countryman replied, *'Tis very likely you may, for I am ſowing hemp.*

Villiers, the witty and extravagant duke of Buckingham, in Charles the IId's time, was ſaying one day to Sir Robert Viner, in a melancholy humour, I am afraid Sir Robert, I ſhall die a beggar at laſt, which is the moſt terrible

thing in the world: upon my word, my lord, ſaid, Sir Robert, there is another thing more terrible which you have reaſon to apprehend, and that is *That you will live a beggar, at the rate you go on.*

The ſame noble duke, another time, was making his complaint to Sir John Cutler, a rich miſer, of the diſorder of his affairs, and aſked what he ſhould do to prevent the ruin of his eſtate? *Live as I do, my lord,* ſaid Sir John; *That I can do,* anſwered the duke, *when I am ruined.*

Philip the ſecond, having been married to our queen Mary; and it being thought ſhe was with child by him, was accordingly prayed for at Paul's croſs, though it proved to be a tympany; king Philip propoſed to our parliament that they would paſs an act that he ſhould be regent during his or her minority that ſhould be born, and he would give good ſecurity to ſurrender the crown when he or ſhe ſhould come to age: the motion was hotly canvaſed in the houſe of peers, and like to paſs, when the lord Paget roſe up and ſaid, *Aye, but who ſhall ſue the king's bond?*

Lewis the ninth, who in the catalogue of the French kings is called St. Lewis, which title was confirmed by the pope, was baptized in the little town of Poyſſy, and after his return from Egypt and other places againſt the *Saracens*, being

ing aſked by what title he would be diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of his predeceſſors after his death, he anſwered, that he deſired to be called Lewis of Poyſſy: reply being made that there were divers other places and cities of renown, where he had performed brave exploits, and obtained famous victories, therefore it was more fitting ſome of thoſe places ſhould denominate him: No, ſaid he, I deſire to be called Lewis of Poyſſy becauſe there I got the moſt glorious victory that ever I had, *For there I overcame the devil*: Meaning that he was chriſtned there.

Although the infirmities of nature are not proper ſubjects to be made a jeſt of; yet when people take a great deal of pains to conceal what every body ſees, there is nothing more ridiculous. Of this ſort was old Croſs the player, who being very deaf, did not care any body ſhould know it. A perſon going with a friend of his one day along Fleet-ſtreet, and ſeeing old Croſs on the other ſide of the way, told his acquaintance he ſhould ſee ſome ſport; ſo beckoned to Croſs with his finger, and ſtretching open his mouth as wide as ever he could, as if he hallooed to him, though he ſaid nothing, the old fellow came puffing from the other ſide of the way, *What a pox*, ſaid he, *do you make ſuch a noiſe for? Do you think one can't hear?*

A gentleman was ſaying one day at the Tilt-yard coffee-houſe, when it rained exceeding hard, that it put him in mind of the general deluge. Zoons, Sir, ſaid an old campaigner, who ſtood by, Who's that? I have heard of all the *Generals* in Europe but him.

When Rabelais, the greateſt droll in France, lay on his death-bed, he could not help jeſting at the very laſt moment; for having received the extreme unction, a friend coming to ſee him, ſaid, He hoped he was *prepared* for the next world: *Yes, yes*, replied Rabelais, *I am ready for my journey now; they have juſt greaſed my boots.*

Some unlucky boys, the ſcholars of Dr. Buſby at Weſtminſter, beſmeared the ſtairs leading to the ſchool with ſomething that ſhall be nameleſs; the doctor, as it was deſigned beſoild his fingers very much in it; which ſo enraged him, that he cryed out, He would give any body half a crown that would diſcover who had a hand in it; upon which, an arch boy immediately told him, for that reward he would let him know who had a hand in it; Well ſaid the doctor, I will certainly give you the half crown if you tell me the truth. *Why then*, anſwered the boy, *you had an hand in it.*

A gentleman coming to an inn in Smithfield, and ſeeing the oſtler expert and tractable about the horſes, asked how long he had lived there, and

and what countryman he was. I'ſe Yorkſhire, ſaid the fellow, and have lived ſixteen years here. I wonder, replied the gentleman, that in ſo long a time, ſo clever a fellow as you ſeem to be, have not come to be maſter of the inn yourſelf. *Ay*, anſwered the oſtler, *but maſter's Yorkſhire too.*

King William III. being upon a march, for ſome ſecret expedition, was intreated by a general to tell him what his deſign was: the king, inſtead of anſwering him, aſked him, whether, in caſe he ſhould tell him, he could keep it a ſecret, and not let it not go farther; the general promiſed it ſhould not. *Well*, anſwered his majeſty, *I know how to keep a ſecret as well you.*

Mr. The. Cibber, the comedian, coming one day to his father, begged him to let him have an hundred pounds, which would make him perfectly eaſy in his affairs. Why, The. ſaid the father, it is very ſtrange you cannot live upon your ſalary, your benefit, and other advantages: when I was of your age, I never ſpent any of my father's money. *I do not know that*, anſwered the ſon, *but I am ſure you have ſpent a great many hundred pounds of* my father's money.

Admiral Chatillon being on a holiday gone to hear maſs in the Dominican friars chapel, a poor fellow begged his charity, juſt as he was moſt intent on his devotions. He felt in his pocket, and gave him ſeveral pieces of gold, without

counting them, or minding what they were. The conſiderable alms ſo dazzled the beggar's eyes, that he was amazed at it. As M. Chatillon was going out of the church door, where the poor man waited for him; Sir, ſaid he, ſhewing him what he had given him, I cannot tell whether you intended to give me ſo large a ſum; if not, I am very ready to return it. The admiral, wondering at the honeſty of the man, ſaid, *I did not indeed honeſt man: but as you have the generoſity to offer to return it, I have the generoſity to deſire you to keep it, and there are five pieces more for you.*

A certain captain, who had made a greater figure than his fortune could well bear, and the regiment not being paid as was expected, was forced to put off a great part of his equipage; a few days after, as he was walking by the road-ſide, he ſaw one of his ſoldiers ſitting louſing himſelf under an hedge: *What are you doing there, Tom? I am following your example, getting rid of part of my retinue.*

When Mrs. Woffington firſt acted Sir Harry Wildair at Drury Lane play-houſe, coming off the ſtage into the green room, I believe ſaid ſhe that one half of the houſe *take* me really for a man: to which ſaid Mrs. Clive, *But the other half, madam,* know *to the contrary.*

A ſchool-maſter aſking one of his boys, in a ſharp wintry morning, what was Latin for cold, the

the boy hesitated a little: What sirrah, said he, cannot you tell? Yes, yes, replied the boy, *I have it at my fingers ends.*

A nobleman having presented king Charles II. with a fine horse, his majesty bad Killigrew, who was present, tell him his age, whereupon Killigrew goes and examines the tail: What are you doing, said the king? this is not the place to find out his age. O! Sir, said Killigrew, *Your majesty knows one should never look a gift horse in the mouth.*

An arch boy having taken notice of his schoolmaster's often reading a chapter in Corinthians, wherein is this sentence, *We shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye*, privately erased the letter C in the word *changed*. The next time his master read it, *We shall all be* hanged *in the twinkling of an eye.*

A certain poor unfortunate gentleman was so often pulled by the sleeve by the bailiffs, that he was in continual apprehension of them; and going one day through Tavistock-street, his coat sleeve, as he was swinging it along in a hurry, happened to catch upon the iron spike of one of the rails; whereupon he immediately turned upbout, in a great surprize, and cried out, *At whose suit, sir, at whose suit.*

Three or four roguish scholars walking out one day from the university of Oxford, espied a

poor

poor fellow near Abingdon, a-ſleep in a ditch with an aſs by him laden with earthen ware, holding the bridle in his hand; ſays one of the ſcholars to the reſt, If you will aſſiſt me, I'll help you to a little money, for you know we are bare at preſent: No dought of it they were not long conſenting: Why then, ſaid he, we will go and ſell this old fellow's aſs at Abingdon; for you know the fair is to-morrow, and we ſhall meet with chapmen enough; therefore, do you take the panniers off, and put them upon my back, and the bridle over my head, and then lead the aſs to market, and let me alone with the old man. This being done accordingly, in a little time after the poor man waking, was ſtrangely ſurprized to ſee his aſs thus metamorphoſed: Oh! ſaid the ſcholar, take this bridle out of my mouth, and this load from my back. Zoons, how came you here, replied the old man? Why, ſaid he, my father, who is a necromancer, upon an idle thing I did to diſoblige him, transformed me into an aſs; but now his heart has relented, and I am come to my own ſhape again, I beg you will let me go home and thank him: By all means, ſaid the crockery merchant, I don't deſire to have any thing to do with conjuration; and ſo ſet the ſcholar at liberty, who went directly to his comrades, who, by this time were making merry with the money

they

they ſold the aſs for. The old fellow was forced to go the next day to ſeek for a new one in the fair; and after having looked on ſeveral, his own was ſhewn him for a very good one: *Oh! oh!* ſaid he, *what! has he and his father quarrelled again already? No, no, I'll have nothing to ſay to him.*

Two Oxford ſcholars meeting on the road with a Yorkſhire oſtler, they bantered him, and told him that they could prove he was a *horſe*, or an *aſs*. Well, ſaid the oſtler, and I can prove your ſaddle to be a *mule*. *Mule!* cried one of them, how can that be? *Becauſe*, ſaid the oſtler, *it is ſomething between a* horſe *and an* aſs.

Dean Swift beſpoke a pair of ſhoes of an eminent ſhoe-maker in Dublin, but the time he promiſed to bring them home in being elapſed, he ſent for him; ſo, Dodridge, ſays he, where are my ſhoes? I beg your pardon, Mr. Dean, anſwered Criſpin, but upon my word *I forgot* them. Very well, ſaid the dean, come and take a walk with me in the garden; where they were no ſooner come, than making as if he had forgot ſomething in the houſe, the dean returned and locked the door after him: poor Dodridge waited and waited, but no dean appeared, till juſt as the bell rung for Patrick's prayers in the evening: when beginning to expoſtulate with him on ſuch

cruel treatment, *I beg your pardon, Mr. Dodridge*, ſaid he, *but upon my word I forgot it.*

Two city ladies meeting at a viſit, one a grocer's wife and the other a cheeſemonger's (who perhaps ſtood more upon the punctilio of precedence than ſome of their betters would have done at the court end of the town) when they had riſen up and took their leave, the cheeſemonger's wife was going out of the room firſt, upon which the grocer's lady, pulling her back by the tail of her gown, and ſtepping before her, *No, madam*, ſaid ſhe, *nothing comes after cheeſe.*

Beau Naſh ſolliciting a nobleman for a ſubſcription to a public charity, his lordſhip being ſomewhat out of temper, put him off, telling him he would conſider of it; but Naſh begged his lordſhip would give him a poſitive anſwer then, yes, or no. To which the nobleman replied, No, I tell you, no:—I thank your lordſhip, ſays Naſh, taking out his liſt, how much ſhall I ſet you down? What do you mean by thanking me, returned the nobleman, when I gave you a negative. *Hold, my lord*, returned Naſh, *you ſaid* No *twice, and I need not inform your lordſhip, That two negatives make an affirmative.* Which repartee ſo pleaſed the nobleman, that he gave him a handſome ſubſcription.

A young widow of wit, beauty, and fortune, was courted by a country gentleman, who, according

cording to the vulgar notion, thought that thoſe freedoms which would diſguſt a virgin, were abſolutely neceſſary to be uſed in courting a widow; and therefore at the firſt viſit behaved very indelicately, both in ſpeech and actions; on which the lady angrily aſked him the meaning of ſuch rude behaviour? he replied, You muſt excuſe me, Widow, it is ſpring time, and the ſap will riſe. *Truly then*, ſays the lady, *I will riſe too, for you are too* ſappy *for me*; and ſo getting up, walked off and left him.

A perſon one day meeting old Leveridge, aſked him how he did? Leveridge replied, If I anſwer you in Latin I am *ſic, ſic*; if in Engliſh, *ſo, ſo*. Well done, my old friend, ſays he, I think that's a good *ſo, ſo*, ſort of a pun.

A gentleman, the firſt time of his coming to Bath, was very extravagantly charged for every thing by the perſons in whoſe houſe he lodged, as well as by others whom he had occaſion to deal with; of which, ſome time after complaining to a friend; Sir, replied the latter, *They have acted towards you on truly Chriſtian principles*. How ſo, ſays the gentleman. *Why*, returned he, *you was a ſtranger and they took you in*.

T. C. buzzing his friend in the ear, that tho' Ben, his acquaintance, had barreled up a great deal of knowledge, yet it ſeems he had not read the *Ethiques*; which among other precepts of

morality forbid ſelf-commendation; declaring it to be an ill favoured ſoleciſm in good manners; it made him think upon the lady (not very young) who having a good while given her gueſts neat entertainment, a capon being brought npon the table, inſtead of a ſpoon ſhe took a mouthful of claret and ſpouted it into the poope of the hollow bird; ſuch an accident happened in this entertainment—— *Proprio locus ſordet in ore; be a man's breath never ſo ſweet, it makes one's praiſes ſtink, if he makes his own mouth the conduit pipe of them.*

It is ſaid of an Italian, that having been much accuſtomed to blaſpheme, he was weaned from it by a pretty wile; for having been one night at play, and loſt all his money, after many execrable oaths, and having offered money to another to go out to face heaven and defy God, he threw himſelf upon the bed hard by, and there fell aſleep; they put out the candles, and made ſemblance to play on ſtill; they fell a wrangling, and ſpoke ſo loud, that he awaked, and hearing them play on ſtill, fell a rubbing his eyes; and his conſcience preſently prompted him that he was ſtruck blind, and that God's judgment had deſervedly fallen down upon him for his blaſphemies, he ſighed and wept pitifully: A ghoſtly father was ſent for, who undertook to do ſome acts of penance for him, if he would make a vow never to play again or blaſpheme, which he did,

and

and ſo the candles were lighted again, which he thought were burning all the while; and by this means became a perfect convert.

The duke of Oſſuna paſſing by Barcelona, and having got leave of grace to releaſe ſome ſlaves, he went aboard the Cape galley, and paſſing through the churma of ſlaves, he asked ſeveral of them what their offences were, every one excuſed himſelf, one ſaying, that he was put in out of malice, another by bribery of the judge, but all of them unjuſtly: Among the reſt there was a ſturdy little black man, and the duke asked him what he was in for; Sir, ſaid he, 'I cannot deny but I am juſtly put in here, for I wanted money, and ſo took a purſe hard by Tarragona to keep me from ſtarving;' The duke with a little ſtaff he had in his hand, gave him three or four blows upon the ſhoulders, ſaying, *You rogue, what do you do amongſt ſo many honeſt innocent men, get you out of their company*; ſo he was freed, and the reſt remained in *ſtatu quo prius*, to tug at the oar.

One (amongſt divers others) witty paſſages, was told of the duke of Oſſuna; which was, that when he was vice-roy of Sicily, there died a rich duke, who left but one ſon, whom, with his whole eſtate, he bequeathed to the tutelage of the Jeſuits; and the words of the will were, *when he has paſſed his minority you ſhall give my*

ſon what you will. It ſeems the Jeſuits took two parts out of three of the eſtate, and gave the reſt to the heir; the young duke complaining thereof to the duke of Oſſuna, (then vice-roy) he commanded the Jeſuits to appear before him; he asked them how much of the eſtate they would have, they anſwered, two parts of three, which they had almoſt employed already to build monaſteries, and an hoſpital, to erect particular altars, and maſſes, to ſing dirges and refrigeriums, for the ſoul of the deceaſed duke: Hereupon, the duke of Oſſuna cauſed the will to be produced, and found therein the words afore recited, *When he is paſt his minority, you ſhall give my ſon (of my eſtate) what you will*; then he told the Jeſuits, you muſt by virtue and tenor of theſe words, give *what you will* to the ſon, which by your own confeſſion is two parts of three; and ſo determined the buſineſs.

On the news of the doubtful battle of Luzzara, the government at Madrid immediately cauſed bonfires and illuminations to be made, and Te Deum to be ſung in great ſolemnity; of which the Imperial envoy in Portugal was no ſooner informed, but without waiting for a direct account of the engagement, he cauſed the like rejoicings for a ſuppoſed victory to be performed at Liſbon, at a venture; and writing the ſame evening, to a friend about the matter, asked him *how he liked his* counter Te Deum.

A Gaſcoon officer going from Flanders to Paris, after an engagement in which the French army was worſted, came in the evening to Amiens; and finding the mob there carouſing and friſky about their bonfires, as if their countrymen had been conquerors, ſaid in his country dialect, *Udſbuddikins theſe people are of the nature of flints, the more they are beat, the more they ſtrike fire.*

Marquis Pawlet, who it ſeems ſailed by the compaſs of candor and moderation, for there being divers bandings and factions at court in his time, yet was he beloved by all parties; and being asked how he ſtood ſo right in the opinion of all, he anſwered, *by being a Willow, and not an Oak.*

Alphonſo king of Naples ſent a Moor who had been his captive a long time, to Barbary, with a conſiderable ſum of money to buy horſes, and to return by ſuch a time. Now there was about the king a kind of buffoon, or jeſter, who had a table-book, or journal, wherein he uſed to regiſter any abſurdity, or impertinence, or merry paſſage that happened about the court. That day the Moor was diſpatched for Barbary, the ſaid jeſter waiting upon the king at ſupper, the king called for his journal, and aſked what he had obſerved that day: whereupon he produced his table-book, and amongſt other things, he read, how Alphonſo king of Naples had ſent Beltran the

the Moor, who had been a long time his priſoner, to Morocco (his own country) with ſo many thouſand crowns, to buy horſes. The king asked him why he inſerted that: Becauſe, ſaid he, I think he will never come back to be a priſoner again, and ſo you have loſt both man and money. But if he does come, then your jeſt is mar'd quoth the king: No Sir; *for if he return I will blot out your name, and put him in for a fool.*

A lady being asked how ſhe liked a gentleman's ſinging, who had a very *ſtinking breath: The words are good*, ſaid ſhe, *but the* air *is intolerable.*

A notorious bawd of Clerkenwell, left in her will a handſome ſum of money to be given to the Rev. Doctor Lee, to preach her funeral ſermon, on condition that he ſhould ſay nothing but what was *well* of her. Her executors accordingly waited on the doctor, and acquainted him with the conditions of the will; who being very much ſurprized at ſuch a requeſt, deſired them to call again, and he would conſider of it; ſoon after they came again, when he agreed, that, on the money's being paid directly, he would preach it the following Sunday. The doctor kept his word, and taking the text, Bleſſed are they, &c. made an excellent ſermon on a well ſpent life, and the reward they would have in the next world; concluding,—dear friends, ſaid he, as for the deceaſed, of whom I am now going to ſpeak,

(which

(which cauſed great attention from the congregation) all I ſhall ſay of her is, *That ſhe was born at* Camberwell, *lived great part of her time in* Bridewell, *and died at* Clerkenwell, *and at laſt has* done well; *then let us pray that ſhe may* fare well, *&c. &c.*

King Charles the ſecond coming from Newmarket through Shoreditch to London, obſerving a wall, or bank, lately made there of horns, as is common in that road, bid Rocheſter, who was in the coach with him, take notice of it: *Ay, Sir*, ſaid he, *the citizens ſeem to have been* laying their heads together *to mend the way againſt your majeſty came by.*

When Sir Cloudeſly Shovel ſet out on his laſt expedition, there was a form of prayer compoſed by the archbiſhop of Canterbury, for the ſucceſs of the fleet; in which his grace made uſe of this unlucky expreſſion. *That he begged God would be a rock of defence to the fleet*; which occaſioned the following lines to be made upon the monument ſet up for him in Weſtminſter-Abbey, he being caſt away in that expedition, on the rocks called, *The Biſhop and his Clerks.*

" As Lambeth prayed, ſuch was the dire event,
" Elſe had we wanted now this monument;
" That God unto our fleet would be a rock:
" Nor did kind heav'n the wiſe petition mock:
" To what the metropolitan ſaid then,
" The *Biſhop and his Clerks* reply'd, *Amen.*"

The

The mayor of Yarmouth, in ancient times, willing to diſpenſe the laws wiſely, got him a ſtatute book; where finding a law againſt *firing a beacon*, or cauſing any *beacon* to be fired, after nine o'clock at night; the poor man being not over learned, read it *frying bacon*, *or cauſing any bacon to be fry'd*; and accordingly went out the next night upon the ſcent; and being directed by his noſe to the carrier's houſe, he found the man and his wife both *frying bacon*, the huſband holding the pan while the wife turned it: Being thus caught in the fact, and having nothing to ſay for themſelves, his worſhip committed them both to jail, without bail or mainprize.

The late facetious Mr. Spiller, being at the rehearſal on Saturday morning, the time when the actors are uſually paid, was asking another, whether Mr. Wood, the treaſurer of the houſe, had any thing to ſay to them that morning; No, faith, Jemmy, replied the other, I'm afraid there's no *Cole*, *Then*, ſaid *Spiller*, *if there's no* Cole, *we muſt burn* Wood.

The old E. of B———d, one of the moſt facetious men of his time, being once in waiting at court, made an excuſe one morning to leave the king; aſſuring his majeſty he would be back to wait on him before 12 o'clock. There being great occaſion for his attendance, the king had enquired for him ſeveral times, his lordſhip having

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ing exceeded his time: At length he came, and going to the clock in the drawing room, heard it ſtrike one; at which, being a little enraged, he up with his cane, and broke the glaſs of the clock. The king asked him afterwards, what made him break the clock? I am ſure ſays my lord, your majeſty won't be angry when you hear: prithee, ſaid the king, what was it? *Why, blood, my liege, the clock ſtruck firſt.*

A ſharper of the town ſeeing a country gentleman ſit alone at an inn, and thinking ſomething might be made of him, he went and ſat near him, and took the liberty to drink to him. Having thus introduced himſelf, he called for a paper of tobacco, and ſaid, do you ſmoke, Sir? *Yes*, ſays the gentleman, very gravely, *any one that has a deſign upon me.*

Colonel Pride, the brewer, a preciſe fanatic, in the time of uſurpation, ſitting at the quarter ſeſſions as a juſtice of the peace, a reverend old gentlewoman was indicted for a bawd, but ſhe ſtanding ſtrongly upon her defence, and proteſting ſhe never had kept any ſuch houſe, houſewife! houſewife! ſaid he, you have kept a bawdy-houſe theſe twenty years to my knowledge. To your knowledge, brother? ſaid another of the worſhipful juſtices, *nay, then we need no other evidence.*

A certain great man, who had been a furious party-man, and moſt ſurpriſingly changing ſides,

by

by which he obtained a coronet, was ſoon after at cards at a place were lady T——nd was, and complaining in the midſt of the game, that he had a great pain in his ſide, I thought your lordſhip had *no ſide*, ſaid ſhe. Yes, but I have, anſwered my lord, and a *back-ſide* too. *Have you ſo?* replied my lady, *every body knows your wife has one.*

A gentleman living in Jamaica not long ago, had a wife not of the moſt agreeable humour in the world; however, as an indulgent huſband he had bought her a fine pad, which ſoon after gave her a fall that broke her neck. Another gentleman in the ſame neighbourhood, bleſſed likewiſe with a termagant ſpouſe, asked the widower if he would ſell his wife's pad, for he had a great fancy for it, and would give him what he would for it. *No*, ſaid the other, *I don't care to ſell it, for I am not ſure that I ſhan't marry again.*

A ſcholar of Dr. Buſby's coming into a parlour where the doctor had laid down a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, takes it up, and ſays aloud, *I publiſh the banns between theſe grapes and my mouth; if any one knows any juſt cauſe or impediment why they ſhould not be joined together, let them declare it.*——The doctor being but in the next room, overheard all that was ſaid, and coming into the ſchool, he ordered the boy who had eaten his grapes to be taken up, or, as they call'd it,

it, hors'd on another boy's back; but before he proceeded to the uſual diſcipline, he cried out aloud as the delinquent had done; *I publiſh the banns between my rod and this boy's breech; if any one knows any juſt cauſe or impediment why theſe two ſhould not be joined together, let them declare it.* I forbid the banns, cried the boy. Why ſo? ſaid the doctor. Becauſe the parties *are not agreed*, replied the boy. Which anſwer ſo pleaſed the doctor, who loved to find any readineſs of wit in his ſcholars, that he ordered the boy to be ſet down.

A certain countryman having loſt his aſs, came to the cryer, deſiring him to give notice of it at the church-door; which he did for three days together. But no news being heard of the animal, the owner urged the cryer to continue his former proclamations, with the reward of a fat pig to the finder. The cryer being an arch-wag, and tired with the fellow's importunity, one feaſt-day, when the ceremonies of publick worſhip ended, and people flocked amain out of the church, he made this following proclamation: If there be any man amongſt you, who will come forth, and ſolemnly proteſt he never was in love, he ſhall have a fat pig. An ungain loobily fellow, who was ſtanding liſtening on his ſtaff, baul'd out, That he could ſafely take his oath, he was the perſon who had never been in love. Whereupon

the cryer taking him by the ſleeve, preſents him to the countryman, ſaying, *Here friend, I have found your aſs, the pig is mine.*

Charles the IId, was a prince by nature extremely familiar, of very eaſy acceſs, and much delighted to ſee and to be ſeen; and this happy temper, which in the higheſt degree gratified his people's vanity, did him more ſervice with his loving ſubjects, than all his other virtues, for it muſt be confeſſed he had many. He delighted, tho' a mighty king, to give and take a jeſt; and a prince of this fortunate diſpoſition, who, were he inclined to make an ill uſe of his power may have any thing of his people, be it never ſo much to their prejudice. But this king made generally a very innocent uſe, as to the public, of this inſnaring temper; for, 'tis well known, he purſured pleaſure more than ambition: he ſeemed to glory in being the firſt man at cock-matches, horſe-races, balls and plays; he appeared highly delighted on thoſe occaſions, and never failed to warm and gladden the heart of every ſpectator. He more than once dined with his good citizens of London, on their Lord Mayor's day; and did ſo the year that Sir Robert Viner was Mayor. Sir Robert was a very loyal man, and, if you will allow the expreſſion, very fond of his ſovereign; but what with the joy he felt at heart, for the honour done him by his prince, and thro' the

the warmth he was in with continual toaſting healths to the royal family, his lordſhip grew a little fond of his majeſty, and entered into a familiarity not altogether ſo graceful in ſo public a place. The king underſtood very well how to extricate himſelf on all kinds of difficulties, and with an hint to the company to avoid ceremony, ſtole off and made towards his coach, which ſtood ready for him in Guildhall yard: but the Mayor liked his company ſo well, and was grown ſo intimate, that he purſued him haſtily, and catching him faſt by the hand, cried out with a vehement oath and accent, *Sir, you ſhall ſtay and take t'other bottle.* The airy monarch looked kindly at him over his ſhoulder, and with a ſmile and graceful air, repeated a line of the old ſong. *He that is drunk is as great as a king.* And immediately turned back and complied with his landlord's requeſt.

One having a good ſtomach, was invited to dinner, but having ſome extraordinary buſineſs he ſtayed till they had almoſt dined: how to get his belly full he could not tell, but ſits down very melancholy in a chair; ſays he, it was a ſad accident that happened to your neighbour Green juſt now, for looking out at a window, he put both his eyes out; away the company runs to this neighbour's houſe; in the mean time he makes an end of their dinner for them; at their return,

they told him they did not think he was ſo great a liar; ſays he again, *what I ſay is true, for none can put their heads out, but their eyes muſt be out likewiſe.*

A lady aſked a gentleman who was dining at table with her; pray Mr. Such-a-one will you let me help you to a bit of hare? *No madam, I thank you*, anſwered he, *my belly is full of it.*

One having a very fat wife, ſaid to her, faith Nell, I wiſh my mare was as fat as thou art. I can tell you how that may ſoon be done, ſays ſhe. Ay, prithee how? Why, *ride your mare no oftener than you do me, and ſhe'll ſoon be in my condition.*

A ſchool-miſtreſs ſent the following catalogue of her ſcholars to a gentleman, deſiring his advice as to the management of them.

Miſs—Chief, The ringleader.

Miſs—Advice, That ſpoils her face with paint.

Miſs—Rule, That does every thing ſhe is forbid.

Miſs—Application, Who has not done one letter in her ſampler.

Miſs—Belief, Who cannot ſay the *Creed* yet.

Miſs—Call, A perfect *Billingſgate*.

Miſs—Fortune, That loſt her grandmother's needle.

Miſs—Chance, That broke her leg a romping.

Miſs—Guide, That led the young miſſes in the dirt.

Miſs—Layed, Who left her porringer of flour and milk where the cat got it.

Miſs—Management, That let all her ſtockings run out at the heels for want of darning.

For which he recommended the following Maſters.

Maſter—Stroke, To whip them.

Maſter—Workman, To dreſs them.

Maſter—Ship, To rig them.

Maſter—Lye, To excuſe them.

Maſter—Wort, To purge them.

Maſter—Piece, To patch them.

Maſter—Key, To lock them up.

Maſter—Pock, To mortify them.

The Jeſuits of Antwerp made, in derogation, or rather deriſion, to the proceedings of the prince Palſgrave, a play, where amongſt divers other paſſages, they feigned a poſt to come puffing upon the ſtage; and being asked what news, he anſwered, that the Palſgrave was like to have ſhortly a huge formidable army, for the King of Denmark was to ſend him a hundred thouſand, the Hollanders a hundred thouſand, and the king of Great-Britain a hundred thouſand; but being asked thouſands of what; he replied, *the firſt would ſend* 100000 *red herrings*, *the ſecond* 100000 *cheeſes*, *and the laſt* 100000 *ambaſſadors*; alluding to Sir *Richard Weſton*, Sir *Edward Conway*, my lord *Carliſle*, Sir *Arthur Chicheſter*, and laſtly, the

lord *Digby*, who had been all employed in quality of ambaſſadors in leſs than two years.

Some years ſince, there was a very abuſive ſatire in verſe brought to king James; and as the paſſages were reading before him, he often ſaid, that if there were no more men in England, the rogue ſhould hang for it; at laſt being come to the concluſion, which was (after all his railing.)

Now God preſerve the King, the Queen, the Peers,
And grant the Author long may wear his Ears.

This pleas'd his majeſty ſo well, that he broke into a laughter, and ſaid, *By my ſol ſo thou ſhalt for me: Thou art a bitter, but thou art a witty knave.*

A gentleman at Alicant ſent his boy with a Borracho of leather under his clock for wine; the boy coming back about ten o'clock, and paſſing by the guard, one asked him if he carried any weapons about him (for none muſt wear any weapons there after ten at night,) No, quoth the boy, being pleaſant, I have but a little dagger; the watch came and ſearched him, and finding the Borracho full of good wine, drank it all up, ſaying, *Sirrah, you know no man muſt carry weapons ſo late: But becauſe we know whoſe ſervant you are, there's the ſcabbard of your dagger again,* and ſo threw him the empty Borracho.

Don Beltran de Roſa, of Alicant, being to marry a rich labrador's (or Yeoman's) daughter, who was much importuned by her parents to the match,

match, becauſe the family would be thereby enobled, he being cavalier of St. Jago; the young maid having underſtood that Don Beltran had been at Naples, and had that diſeaſe about him, anſwered wittily, *En verdad pro adobarme la langre, no quiero danarmi la carne*; *Truly Sir, to better my blood, I will not hurt my fleſh.*

Sometime ſince one of the French ſecretaries of ſtate having been invited to the ſuburbs of Saint Germains to ſupper, left orders with one of his laquays, to bring him his horſe about nine; it happened, that a miſchance befel the horſe, which lamed him as he went to water at the Sein, inſomuch, that the ſecretary was obliged to foot it home; but as he was paſſing the Pont-Neuf with his laquay carrying a torch before him, he overheard the claſhing of ſwords, and fighting; looking under the torch, and perceiving there were but two, he bid his laquay go on; they had not gone many paces, before two armed men with piſtols cock'd, and ſwords drawn, ran towards them, when one held a paper in his hand, which he ſaid he had caſually taken up in the ſtreet, and the difference between them was about that paper; therefore they deſired the ſecretary to read it, with a great deal of compliments: The ſecretary took out his ſpectacles, and read the paper, and found it contain as follows: *That it ſhould be known to all men, that whoſoever paſſed over*

over that bridge after nine o'clock at night in winter, ſhould leave his cloak behind him, and in caſe of no cloak, his hat. The ſecretary ſtarting at this, one of the comrades told him, that he thought that paper concerned him; ſo they took from him a new pluſh cloak; and the ſecretary was forced to go home quietly, and *en Cuerpo.*

There is no ſtudy requires patience and conſtancy more then the common-law, for it is a good while before one comes to any known perfection in it, and conſequently to any gainful practice. This made Jack Chaundler throw away his Littleton, for when he could not catch the hare, ſaid, *A pox on her, ſhe is but tough dry meat, let her go.*

A Ligurian ſoldier who had got drunk in Genoa, meeting prince Doria going the rounds on horſeback one night, the ſoldier took his horſe by the bridle, and aſked what the price of him was, for he wanted a horſe; the prince ſeeing in what humour he was, cauſed him to be taken into a houſe and put to ſleep: In the morning he ſent for him, and aſked him what he would give for his horſe; *Sir*, ſaid the recovered ſoldier, *the merchant that would have bought him laſt night of your highneſs, went away betimes in the morning.*

A Gallego in Spain, who in the civil wars againſt Aragon, being in the field, he was ſhot in the forehead, and being carried away to a tent; the

the ſurgeon ſearched his wound and found it mortal; ſo he adviſed him to ſend for his confeſſor, for he was no man for this world, as his brain was touched; The ſoldier wiſhed him to ſearch it again, which he did; and told him that he found he was hurt in the brain, and could not poſſibly eſcape; whereupon the Gallego flew in a rage, and ſaid he lyed, for he had no brain at all, *por que ſi tuviera ſeſo, nunca huniera venido a eſta guerra*; *for if I had had any brain I ſhould never have come to this war.*

We are told of a witty ſaying of the Conde de Monterry, vice-roy to Naples, when the duke of Lerma ſhone greatly at Madrid; for going one morning to ſpeak with the duke, and having danced attendance a long time, he peeped through a ſlit in the hanging, and ſpied Don Redrigo Calderon, a great man (who was beheaded for poiſoning the late Queen dowager) delivering the duke a paper upon his knees, whereat the marquis ſmiled and ſaid, *Mas a las rodillas, que yo no hago a los pies: I ſwear that man climbs higher upon his knees than I can upon my feet.*

Joe Haines, the player, meeting Tom Durfey the poet, one morning in the ſtreet; Tom, who had a very ſtinking breath, run his head into Joe's face, as moſt people who have that imperfection are apt to; whereupon Joe begged him to keep at a little more diſtance; but Durfey would ſtill be

be mighty cloſe in his confabulation; upon which Joe cried, nay, then I muſt ſtand upon my defence; ſo drawing out his ſword, and ſeeing a ſur-reverence lying under a wall, he ſtuck it upon the point of it. Now, Sir, ſaid he, keeping at arm's length, I can talk to you, and we are pretty much upon a par.

A parſon, in the country, taking his text in St. *Matthew*, Chap. viii. ver. 14. *And Peter's wife's mother lay ſick of a fever*, preached for three Sundays together on the ſame ſubject: Soon after two country fellows going acroſs the church-yard, and hearing the bell toll, one aſked the other, who it was for? *Nay I can't tell*; *perhaps*, replied he, *it is for* Peter's *wife's mother*, *for ſhe has been ſick of a fever theſe three weeks.*

A young fellow, not quite ſo wiſe as Solomon, eating ſome Cheſhire cheeſe full of mites, one night at the tavern, now, ſaid he, have I done as much as Sampſon, for I have ſlain my thouſands and my ten thouſands. Yes, anſwered one of the company, and *with the ſame weapon too*, *the jaw bone of an aſs.*

Two ladies juſt returned from Bath, were telling a gentleman how they liked the place, and how it agreed with them; the firſt had been ill, and found great benefit from the waters: But pray what did you go for? ſaid he to the ſecond. *Mere wantonneſs*, replied ſhe. And pray, madam, ſaid he, *did it cure you?*

The

The famous Sir George Rooke, when he was a captain of marines, was quartered at a village where he buried many of his men; at length the parſon refuſed to perform the ceremony of their interment any more unleſs he was paid for it; which being told captain Rooke, he ordered ſix men of his company to carry the corpſe of the ſoldier then dead, and lay him upon the parſon's hall-table. This ſo embarraſſed the prieſt, that he ſent the captain word, *If he would fetch the man away, he would bury him and all his company for nothing.*

One day at a viſitation-dinner, a clergyman, who valued himſelf more upon his wit than he ought, and often miſtook a rough kind of abuſe for keen raillery, took it into his head to exerciſe his talents upon Dean Swift, and did ſo very licentiouſly. The Dean heard him with all the calmneſs in the world; not taking the leaſt notice, nor making any kind of anſwer to any thing that he ſaid. At length the biſhop interpoſed, and checked the petulance of the ſnarl; (for that was the name he was known by.) The dean immediately then ſaid to the biſhop, *Momus, my lord, was always admitted to the feaſt of the gods, and privileged to ſay what he pleaſed there.*

There is a ſtory in Pauſanias, of a plot for betraying of a city, diſcovered by the braying of an *aſs:* The cackling of *geeſe* ſaved the capitol,

and

and Catiline's conſpiracy was diſcovered by a *whore*. *Theſe are*, ſays Dean *Swift*, *the only three animals, as far as I remember, famous in hiſtory for* Evidences *and* Informers.

A man, meeting with a lady of the town, offered her a ſhilling to let him feel her *private parts*, to which madam very readily conſented; and retiring to a bye place, ſhe pulled up her petticoats to perform the condition: You impudent whore, ſays he, it is not there that I muſt look for your *private parts*, for that's the moſt *publick part* you have about you.

A gentleman ſat by another, whom he was very little acquainted with, in the pit of Drury-Lane play-houſe, when ſeeing two women come into a box juſt oppoſite to them, he turned about to his neighbour, and ſaid, 'sdeath, can you tell me what ugly bitch that is; who, ſir, anſwers the gentleman? that lady coming into the box; 'tis *my Siſter*: Lord Sir, cries the other, greatly confuſed, I beg ten thouſand pardons; I meant that ſhocking monſter with her; oh! Sir, anſwered he, *that's my wife*.

The E—l of C——d being aſked upon his coming over from Ireland, where he had been lord lieutenant, which he gave the preference to, the Engliſh or the Iriſh ladies; he ſaid, that moſt of the ladies there looked like *whores*, and were really *modeſt women*; whereas, ſays he, moſt

of

of the ladies in England look *like modeſt women*, and are really *whores*.

A ſoldier ſtood on the ſtage at the play of Don Carlos prince of Spain, which affected him ſo much, that he burſt into a violent paſſion of tears; and the duke of York, (afterwards king James the ſecond) who happened to be at the theatre, was ſo pleaſed with the fellow's ſenſibility, that he ſent him five guineas. The next night the duke was at the play again, which was the comedy of Rule a Wife and have a Wife; when the centinel upon the ſtage, who had heard how liberally his comrade's weeping had been rewarded, began to blubber and cry in a moſt lamentable manner; and he met with his reward alſo; for the duke ordered him to be *whip'd for miſbehaviour on duty*.

The famous Rabelais was in his laſt ſickneſs, when a reverend prelate came to ſee him; and after tiring the languiſhing wit with a heap of ſtuff, he asked him what was his chief complaint? want of ſleep, my lord, anſwered Rabelais. And can you get no *dormitives* to do you good? cries the biſhop? Why, truly, my lord, ſaid Rabelais, I have tried a great many, to no purpoſe; but, I fancy, if your lordſhip would lend me a ſermon which I heard you preach at the church of *Notredame* about three months ago, *it would have the deſired effect*.

A very great perſonage being at a maſquerade, came up to a lady, whoſe neck was bare: Oh! cries he, let me put my hand upon thoſe pretty ſoft breaſts. If you'll give me your hand, ſir, ſays ſhe, I will put it upon a ſofter place; which he no ſooner complied with, than ſhe put it upon his own *forehead*, and walked off.

A perſon going down the river in a boat, haled a ſhip as ſhe went by. Ho! ſays he, have you one *wiſe man* aboard you? to which they anſwered no: Then, ſays he, you are *all fools*.

A country curate having dined with the 'ſquire one day, and according to cuſtom, been made very fuddled; the company, contrary to the reſpect due to his function, ſet him upon his horſe, with his face to the tail; Dobbin knew the way home; where, when the curer of ſouls arrived, his wife came forth to meet him; and ſorely vexed at his condition, ſaid, lord, my dear, you are vaſtly cut. *Cut*, ſays he, feeling all the time for the horſe's main to get off by, *ſo is my horſe too, I think, I believe o' my ſoul they have cut his head off*.

A certain gentleman, who was very fond of laying wagers, and was generally on the wrong ſide, ſaid in company, that he was determined never to lay another. A friend in company told him, he believed he could not help it. The other very ſeriouſly affirmed, that he was reſolved

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to keep his reſolution. I'll lay you a bottle, ſays his companion, you make ſome bet before you leave the room. *Done with you*, replied the wagerer, *with great eagerneſs*.

When Mr. Rich was bringing on the ſtage one of his new pantomimes, as he was buſtling between the ſide ſcenes, and giving his orders to prepare for the entertainment, during the play his wig took fire from one of the candles, which occaſioned ſome confuſion among the players, who ran off the ſtage to his aſſiſtance. The audience not knowing the occaſion of ſuch a ſudden interruption, imagined ſome accident had happened to the houſe, and were riſing in great diſorder; when the witty Dan. Purcel, who ſaw from the orcheſtra the accident, ſtood up, and deſired the people to be compoſed, aſſuring them, *that Mr. Rich was only taken light-headed, with over eagerneſs, in preparing for their diverſion; that all would be ſoon well again, and the actors return to their buſineſs.*

An old woman who was famous for ſelling ale at Oxford, and to whoſe houſe there reſorted many of the ſcholars, ſeveral of them remarked that they never ſaw their landlady at church; therefore they inſiſted, that if ſhe valued their cuſtom, and hoped to have the continuation of it for the future, that on the ſucceeding, and every Sunday following, ſhe ſhould conſtantly

be at church. She like a prudent woman, who valued her intereſt more than her religion, told them that ſhe would be very willing to comply with their requeſt. Accordingly when Sunday came, ſhe arrayed herſelf in her beſt apparel, and taking her ancient claſp Bible, proceeded in great form to church: but being unuſed to the place, in ſermon time ſhe fell faſt aſleep, and unluckily let her Bible fall, which making a great noiſe, awakened her. She had forgot where ſhe was, and thinking ſhe was at home, and the maids had done ſome miſchief, ſtarted up in a great paſſion, with the following exclamation: *ſo you b——h, there's another jugg broke, is there?*

The late Earl of S——, who had an excellent talent at making bulls himſelf, kept an Iriſh footman: my lord having ſent him one day with a preſent to a certain judge, the judge in return, ſent half a dozen live partridges by him, and a letter; the partridges fluttering in the basket upon Teague's back, as he was carrying them home, he ſet down the basket, and opened the lid of it to quiet them, whereupon they all flew away. Oh! the devil burn ye, ſaid he, I am glad ye are gone. But when he came home, and my lord had read the letter, why Teague, ſaid my lord, *I find* there are half a dozen partridges in the letter: now arrah, dear honey, ſaid Teague,

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I am glad you have found them in the *letter*, for they are all *loſt* out of the basket.

The ſame nobleman going out one day, called Teague to the ſide of his chariot, and bade him tell Mr. Such-a-one, if he came, that he ſhould be at home at dinner. But when my lord was got acroſs the ſquare in which he lived, Teague came puffing after him, and called to the coachman to ſtop; upon which my lord, pulling the ſtring, deſired to know what Teague wanted: my lord, ſaid he, you bade me tell *Such-a-one*, if he came, that you would dine at home; *but what muſt I ſay if he don't come?*

After the French were defeated at Roſbach, by the King of Pruſſia, and ſuffered in conſequence a continued ſeries of misfortunes, a general murmur ran through the officers of the French forces, as well as the common men; one of the prince de Soubiſe's courtiers ſaid to the prince with a heavy brow: *ſee, ſir, the conſequence of your never going to maſs; to this we muſt impute all our misfortunes. Do you think then*, replied the prince contemptuouſly, *that our enemy, the King of Pruſſia, goes to maſs oftener than I?*

It is common in the ſummer ſeaſon for the inferior actors of the London theatres to go ſtrolling from place to place about the country. The many merry incidents and odd adventures which

frequently happen to them, would be very amuſing and entertaining to every lover of theatrical diverſions. In order therefore to gratify ſuch readers, I ſhall here tranſcribe part of a letter from Mr. Village, a country gentleman, wherein he gives a humourous account of a ſet, to his friend in London.

" The performers at our ruſtic theatre, are far beyond thoſe paultry ſtrollers who run about the country, and exhibit in a barn or cow-houſe; for (as their bills declare) they are a company of comedians from the theatres royal; and I aſſure you they are as much applauded by our country critics, as any of your capital actors. The ſhops of our tradeſmen have been almoſt deſerted, and a crowd of weavers and hardware men have elbowed each other two hours before the opening of the doors, when the bills have informed us, in enormous red letters, that the part of George Barnwell was to be performed by Mr. ———, at the particular deſire of ſeveral ladies of diſtinction. It is true, indeed, that our principal actors have moſt of them had their education in Covent-Garden or Drury-Lane; but they have been employed in the buſineſs of the drama, in a degree but juſt above a ſcene-ſhifter. An Heroine, to whom your managers in town (in envy to her riſing merit) ſcarce allotted the humble place of a confidante, now blubbers out Andromache or Belvidera;

Belvidera; the attendants on a monarch, ſtrut monarchs themſelves; mutes find their voices, and meſſage-bearers riſe unto heroes. The humour of our beſt comedian conſiſts in ſhrugs and grimaces; he jokes in a wry mouth, and repartees in a grin: in ſhort, he practiſes on Congreve and Vanburgh, all thoſe diſtortions, which gained him ſo much applauſe from the galleries, in the drubs which he was condemned to undergo in pantomimes. I was vaſtly diverted at ſeeing a fellow in the character of Sir Harry Wildair, whoſe chief action was a continual preſſing together of the thumb and fore-finger, which had he lifted them to his noſe, I ſhould have thought he deſigned as an imitation of taking ſnuff: but I could eaſily account for the cauſe of this ſingular geſture, when I diſcovered that Sir Harry was no leſs a perſon than the dextrous Mr. Clippit the candle-ſnuffer.

"You would laugh to ſee how ſtrangely the parts of a play are caſt. They played Cato; and their Marcia was ſuch an old woman, that when Juba came on with his, "Hail! charming maid!" the fellow could not help laughing. Another night I was ſurprized to hear an eager lover talk of ruſhing into his miſtreſs's arms, rioting on the nectar of her lips, and deſiring (in the tragedy rapture) to "hug thus, and thus for ever;" though he always took care to ſtand at a moſt ceremoni-

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ous diſtance. But I was afterwards very much diverted at the cauſe of this extraordinary reſpect, when I was told that the lady laboured under the misfortune of an ulcer in her leg; which occaſioned ſuch a diſagreeable ſtench, that the performers were obliged to keep her at arm's length. The entertainment was Lethe; and the part of the Frenchman was performed by a South-Britain; who, as he could not pronounce a word of the French language, ſupplied its place by gabbling in his native Welch.

"The decorations, or (in the theatrical dialect) the property of our company is as extraordinary as the performers. Othello raves about a checked handkerchief; the ghoſt in Hamlet ſtalks in a poſtilion's leathern jacket for a coat of mail; and Cupid enters with a fiddle caſe ſlung over his ſhoulders for a quiver. The apothecary of the town is free of the houſe, for lending them a peſtle and mortar, to ſerve as the bell in Venice Preſerved; and a barber ſurgeon has the ſame privilege, for furniſhing them with baſons of blood, to beſmear the daggers in Macbeth. Macbeth himſelf carries a rolling pin in his hand for a truncheon; and as the breaking of glaſſes would be very expenſive, he daſhes down a pewter pint pot at the ſight of Banquo's ghoſt.

"A fray happened here the other night, which was no ſmall diverſion to the audience. It ſeems

there

there had been a great conteſt between two of theſe mimic heroes, which was the fitteſt to play Richard the Third. One of them was reckoned to have the better perſon, as he was very round-ſhouldered, and one of his legs was ſhorter than the other; but his antagoniſt carried the part, becauſe he ſtarted beſt in the tent ſcene. However, when the curtain drew up, they both ruſhed in upon the ſtage at once; and bawling out together "Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;" they both went thro' the whole ſpeech without ſtopping."

A ſimple bumpkin, coming to London, was very much taken with the ſight of a chair, or ſedan, and bargained with the chairmen to carry him to a place he named. The chairmen, obſerving the curioſity of the clown to be ſuitable to the meanneſs of his habit, privately took out the bottom of the chair, and then put him into it, which, when they took up, the countryman's feet were upon the ground, and as the chairmen advanced, ſo did he; and to make the better ſport, if any place was dirtier in the way than the reſt, that they choſe to go through; the contryman not knowing but others uſed to be carried, or rather driven in the ſame manner, coming to his lodgings, gave them their demand. Returning into the country he related what rare things he had ſeen in London, and withal, that

he

he had been carried in a Sedan. Sedan! quoth one, what is that? *Why*, ſaid he, *like our watch-houſe, only it is covered with leather; but were it not for the name of a Sedan, a man might as well walk on foot.*

Gun Jones, who had made a handſome fortune from a very mean beginning, having ſome words with a perſon who had known him for ſome time, was aſked by the other, how he could have the impudence to give himſelf ſo many airs to him, when he knew very well that he remember'd him ſeven years before when he had *hardly a rag to his back. You lye, ſirrah*, reply'd *Jones: for ſeven years ago I had nothing but rags to my back.*

A lady ſeeing the ſheriff of a county, who was a very handſome young gentleman, attending the judge, who was an old man; a gentleman ſtanding by, aſk'd her which ſhe liked beſt, the judge or the ſheriff? The lady told him, the ſheriff. Why ſo? ſaid the gentleman: *Becauſe* anſwered ſhe, *tho' I love judgment well, I love execution better.*

A toping fellow was one night making his will over his bottle; I will give, ſaid he, fifty pounds to five taverns, to drink to my memory when I am dead; ten pounds to the *Salutation* for courtiers; ten pounds to the *Caſtle* for ſoldiers; ten pounds to the *Mitre* for parſons; ten pounds to the *Horns* for citizens; and ten pounds to the *Devil* for the lawyers.

A certain lord who had a termagant wife, and at the ſame time a chaplain who was a tolerable poet, my lord deſired him to write him a copy of verſes on a ſhrew. *I cannot imagine*, ſaid the parſon, *why your lordſhip ſhould want a copy, who have ſo good an original.*

An honeſt Welch carpenter, coming out of Cardiganſhire, got work in Briſtol, where, in a few months, he had ſaved, beſides his expences, about twelve ſhillings; and with this prodigious ſum of money, returned into his own country. When he came upon Mile Hill, he looked back on the town; *Ah, poor* Priſtow, ſaid he, *if one or two more of hur countrymen were to give hur ſuch another ſhake as hur has done, it would be poor* Priſtow *indeed.*

A bridegroom, the firſt night he was in bed with his bride, ſaid unto her; when I ſollicited thy chaſtity, had'ſt thou then condeſcended, I would never have made thee my wife, for I did it only to try thee. *Faith*, ſaid ſhe, *I did imagine as much, but I had been cozened ſo three or four times before, and I was reſolved to be fooled ſo no more.*

An Engliſhman and a Welchman diſputing in whoſe coutry was the beſt living; ſaid the Welchman, there is ſuch noble houſe-keeping in Wales, that I have known above a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner. *Ay*, anſwered the *Engliſhman, that was becauſe every man toaſted his own cheeſe.*

'Twas

'Twas a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being aſked, Where her huſband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conſpiracy? reſolutely anſwered, *ſhe had hid him.* This confeſſion drew her before the king, who told her, nothing but her diſcovering where her lord was concealed, could ſave her from the torture. And will that do, ſays the lady? Yes, ſays the king, I give you my word for it. *Then*, ſays ſhe, *I have hid him in my heart, there you'll find him:* Which ſurprizing anſwer charmed her enemies.

A young fellow riding down a ſteep hill, and doubting the foot of it was boggiſh, called out to a clown that was ditching, and aſked him if it was hard at the bottom. Ay, anſwered the countryman, it is hard enough at the bottom, I'll warrant you: But in half a dozen ſteps the horſe ſunk up to the ſaddle-skirts, which made the young gallant whip, ſpur, curſe and ſwear. Why, thou raſcal, ſaid he to the ditcher, didſt thou not tell me it was hard at the bottom? *Ay*, replied the other, *but you are not half way to the bottom yet.*

FINIS.